

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
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KATE KEARNEY.



Oh, did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney;
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming;
Yet, oh, I can tell how fatal's the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile,
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Though she looks so bewitching simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple;
And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

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